

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—Jesus Christ.

Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.—A Voice from Heaven.

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Saturday, July 4, 1857.

Price One Penny.

MURDER OF PARLEY P. PRATT, ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Another Martyr has fallen—another faithful servant of God has sealed his pure and heavenly testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, with his blood. Though our own dear brother according to the flesh, yet we weep not. He fell in a righteous cause—he fell in the defence of suffering innocence, while endeavouring to aid by his letters a helpless female with her little children, to escape the fury of her savage persecutors. He had been made acquainted, from the most respectable and reliable sources, with the sad and most heart-rending description of her sufferings. Years ago, the poor woman had been turned into the streets of San Francisco, in a dark, dismal night, houseless and unprotected, by an unfeeling, brutal monster of a husband. For years her life had been threatened, and deadly weapons brandished about her head; and to cap the climax of brutality, he tore the children from their fond mother's embrace, stealing them, without her knowledge, and smuggled them on board a Pacific steamer, to traverse thousands of miles of water and land, unpitied and uncared for, to the distant port of New Orleans. This inhuman fiendish act, added to the long catalogue of her sufferings, made her resolve to renounce for ever the society of one whom she could no longer look upon as a husband, but as a tyrannical, unfeeling, inhuman monster. The final separation took place at San Francisco about two years ago.

Learning that her children had been sent to her parents, near New Orleans, she set sail, friendless and unprotected, for that port. Upon her arrival, what was her surprise to find that her parents were in the dark plot, and that she could have no freedom with her own children. And, at length, becoming wearied with the persecutions which she endured, she started without any acquaintance to a

company her, for Utah Territory—a journey of about three thousand miles, from New Orleans. After incredible hardships she arrived in Great Salt Lake City, in the autumn of 1855. In the autumn of 1856, she again returned to her parents in New Orleans, and sometime about the close of last year, she succeeded in rescuing the children from their unnatural and tyrannical bondage, and fled with her own little family to Texas. But the hellish brute in California, from whom she had been separated about two years, came in pursuit; and having employed some of the old "Mormon" persecutors to join him in his blood-thirsty expedition, he, at last, discovered the object of his former abuse, and again tore from her embrace her lovely little children.

The sympathies of thousands who have been made acquainted with the unparalleled sufferings of this lady, have been aroused in her behalf. Among these, we are proud to say, was that great philanthropist, and good man, Parley P. Pratt, who, on learning the facts of her escape with her children, sought to advise her, by letters through the post, of the pursuit of her old enemy. While engaged in this work of humanity, this monster from California, swore out a writ against him and several others, under a false charge of larceny. They were tried before the United States' Commissioner, at Van Buren, Arkansas, and found not guilty, and discharged. The murderer then, in a cowardly manner, waited for him to leave; and in about ten minutes after, in company with two other murderers, started in pursuit, immediately followed by others; all thirsting for the blood of innocence. About twelve miles from Van Buren on the road leading northward, they came up with their victim—fired seven shots, and then stabbed him several times in his left side, one of the cuts piercing his heart. After this he lived about two hours and a-half.

And thus he fell the victim of his bigotted enemies, but the friend of suffering humanity.

The following correspondence, dated Cincinnati, Ohio, February 20th, 1857, taken from a New York paper, will give further particulars concerning—

THE MOTHER AND CHILDREN.—During my late missions to California, I became acquainted with the following train of lamentable and heart-rending circumstances, growing out of the spirit of intolerance, which, alas! still characterizes some of the more popular sects of the age.

A certain family had emigrated from the South a few years since, and were then residing in San Francisco; consisting of a man, his wife, and three children, and a young man who was a brother of the wife and a boarder in the family.

The whole were a branch of an old and somewhat noted Presbyterian stock, which still resided in the vicinity of New Orleans.

The lady was an accomplished and educated person, given to reading and intellectual pursuits; and was withal, a woman of sound judgment, and of an independent turn of mind.

As is generally the case with such minds, this lady had only to investigate Mormonism in order to become most firmly convinced of its truths.

She therefore wished to embrace them. On learning these facts, the husband and brother manifested a most violent and tyrannical opposition. They raged, foamed, cursed, railed, stormed, and called hard names, &c., but all to no purpose. The lady was still of the same mind, and wished to obey the Gospel.

The husband finally purchased a large sword case with which he entered the parlor one day; and, turning pale with rage, he unsheathed the same in the presence of his

wife, and menacing her and brandishing the naked steel over her head, swore with an awful oath, that that weapon had been purchased expressly for her, and the minister who dare baptize her, and should penetrate both their vitals the day she should be baptized.

Her brother, in turn, brandished the same weapon over her in the same angry manner, with the same threats.

These, and many other threats, railings, and abuses repeated from time to time, by both husband and brother, served to deter the lady's baptism for some two years—the Elders there making it a point not to baptize a woman without her husband's consent.

After many long, painful and prayerful struggles, she at length obtained a written consent of her husband and was baptized, and duly confirmed as a member of the Church of the Saints. She still remained a faithful and obedient wife and mother. She served her husband, looked after his interests, kept his house, continued to board her brother, and trained her children in the ways of obedience, morality, and truth. She took great pains in their education, and taught them to believe in Jesus Christ, to read the Bible, and to sing and pray.

Her husband was still harsh and tyrannical in the highest degree, and her brother also. Her life was often threatened, and she was utterly forbidden to mention any point in her religion in presence of her husband, or to intrude any sentence on his notice from any of the books of the Church. She had not even the privilege of singing a single line of her hymn book in his hearing. Having lived in this unnatural bondage for a few years, and having borne with meekness and submission every railing, insult, and abuse which a tyrant could heap upon her, she finally ventured, on one quiet Sunday evening, to sing in his presence two lines of one of her favorite hymns. [See Saints hymn book, page 201.]

Behold the Great Redeemer comes
To bring his ransomed people home!

Her husband on hearing this, flew into a violent rage—snatched the book out of her hand, tore it up, and threw it in the fire. He then laid violent hands on her, and forced her into the street and locked the door on her. It was a dark evening, and in one of the back dark streets of San Francisco where an unprotected female would hardly be considered safe for a moment. She, however, entered a neighbouring house, and immediately sent a message to Dr. ———, an old family physician, who was the mutual friend of both herself and husband. She threw herself upon his protection, and he conducted her to a respectable hotel, where she took lodgings and board at the husband's expense. Next day she called on the city recorder and made oath of the assault and battery and other outrages of her husband, demanding his arrest, and that she might be secured in her life and peace in the future. But through the influence of Dr. ———, and other parties in high places, the matter was finally dropped, and the parties seemed reconciled so far, that she returned to her house, and again took charge of her children, and of her husband's housekeeping.

For a few weeks, all seemed to go on as usual. The husband and brother went to their daily business—returned at the proper hours, found their meals in order, and the usual economy, industry and taste which she had ever displayed in trying to render home agreeable.

On a certain day—breakfast being over and the husband and brother gone to business at an early hour, as usual, she assembled her children, as her manner was, for family devotion. These consisted of two boys, between eight and ten years of age, and a girl of seven. The mother and children mingled their glad voices in the morning hymn, and bowed the knees together in solemn prayer—when, rising from their knees, the children gave their dear mother the usual parting kiss, and cheerfully basted away to the city school.

O! how little did that tender mother and those innocent babes then realize the awful trial which immediately awaited them; or, that two oceans and a continent would separate them ere they should meet again.

Talk not of Rome, of Nero, of the dark ages, or of the Spanish Inquisition. All these combined could scarce form a parallel worthy to compare with the heartless, unfeeling, inhuman, savage and worse than fiendish tyranny of the nineteenth century. And all this enacted by Protestants in a land of freedom! Nay, rather by the nearest kindred, and on a helpless woman and children!

Evening came—the husband and brother returned from the business of the day—but no children came to gladden the heart of a fond mother! Where are our children? exclaimed the anxious mother in alarm.

The brutish husband, and unfeeling brother answered, with a fiendish grin, or a taunt of triumph—They are on the bosom of the Pacific, you will never see them again—they will be brought up Presbyterians—not Mormons!

The only answer to this was a wild shriek and a sudden fall—the mother had fainted! Her heart, as it were, had died within her. She remained through that dreadful night, in alternate spasms, fainting fits—occasionally awaking to a realizing sense of her desolation: "Rachel weeping for her children, and could not be comforted, because they were not."

She would sometimes so far awake from her swooning fits as to rave, and wander, and call loudly for her little ones by name, and then she would burst into tears—groan and lament, and finally, again drop away and become insensible.

The brutal husband and brother stood over her through the entire night, somewhat troubled and alarmed, but durst not call a physician or any assistance, lest their fiendish cruelty should be detected in all its horrors.

In the morning, being compelled to go to business at an early hour, they left her alone in the house, locking her in as a prisoner, in solitude and helplessness.

She, however, sufficiently recovered in the course of the morning, to open a window and raise the alarm. The neighbours soon learned the true circumstances and sympathized deeply in her bereavement.

Some of the merchants best acquainted with the family, offered to raise a subscription and send her to her children, it being soon ascertained that they had been sent to her parents in New Orleans.

Public odium soon wrought upon the obdurate husband and brother that change which human sympathy had failed to accomplish. They saw that the matter must be ameliorated, and hushed up as far as possible by compromise.

They had been plotting for weeks, and, by the assistance of other bigots of their sect, had prepared trunks of clothing for the children, and had procured through tickets for them on the transit route between the Pacific and Atlantic.

All things being in readiness, they had watched an opportunity to snatch them from school, and thrust them on board of a steamer, without so much as a farewell look or word from their mother, and had committed them to the care of strangers to pass two oceans and a continent, with no kindred or acquaintance to love or care for them.

This done, the inhuman bigots had resisted all the eloquent and heart-rending appeals of a mother, and nothing but the fear of disgrace, or the vengeance of an excited and indignant populace constrained them to compromise, and hush up any further excitement, by agreeing to send the mother to the children.

She was finally soothed and comforted with the hope of following them in two weeks, on the next steamer: she went quietly and diligently to work to prepare for the journey.

Her house was now desolate and lonely beyond endurance. She, therefore, by consent of her husband, spent the time with some friends in the country, till near the time of her embarkation.

But alas! her trials had but just begun. She had a prosperous passage to New Orleans, found her parents, and with them her two youngest children—but alas! the other she was never permitted to see. He is concealed from her in some distant part of the Country.

She found her bigoted and hard-hearted Presbyterian parents and brothers and sisters in the same plot. Her children were held by them in bondage, under a strict watch as prisoners. She must not associate with them, even in her own father's house, except in presence of others—she must not sleep in the same room, nor even to retire to a private room, to bow the knee with them at the hour of prayer, as she had always been in the habit of doing. In short, she was in bondage intolerable, and was daily abused, insulted, mocked, ridiculed and railed at in every possible manner. She endured these things for months, and finding herself sinking under the accumulated wrongs and oppressions of those who should have been her friends; as well as under the effects of the pestilential climate of the advancing summer of New Orleans; she, by the consent of her children, left them for a season for the north, promising to return to them in due time.

She, at length, after incredible hardships and toils, made her way to Great Salt Lake City, where she arrived in safety in the autumn of 1855. She had, by this long journey, somewhat recovered her health, and, true to the instincts of a mother, she immediately commenced, and constantly persevered in a most rigid course of economy and industry, in order to redeem her pledge to her children.

She taught school in that city almost constantly for one year. She then made her way over the dreary plains, for some fifteen hundred miles to the frontiers of the States, and thence down the rivers to the children.

The account which appeared in the *New Orleans Bulletin*, some time near the close of the past year, may possibly refer to her.

If so, making due allowance for its numerous falsehoods and misrepresentations it opens another chapter in her somewhat romantic and heroic life.

Had the lady in question had a kind and dutiful husband, instead of an unfeeling tyrant, religious differences would not have separated the family to this day; but, on the contrary, the father, mother, and children might still have been living in San Francisco in peace.

It was not Mormonism, but Presbyterianism that broke up the family.

A FRIEND OF THE OPPRESSED.

Cincinnati, O., February 20, 1857.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PARLEY P. PRATT.—This great Apostle and Martyr of the nineteenth century, was born on the 12th day of April, 1807, in Burlington, Otsego County, state of New York. He was the third son of Jared and Charity Pratt; Jared was the son of Obadiah and Jemima Pratt; Obadiah was the son of Christopher and Sarah Pratt; Christopher was the son of William and Hannah Pratt; William was the son of Joseph Pratt; Joseph was the son of Lieutenant William, and Elizabeth Pratt, who were found among the first settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1639. They are supposed to have accompanied the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his congregation, about one hundred in number, from Newtown, now called Cambridge, Massachusetts, through a dense wilderness, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and became the first founders of the colony at Hartford, in June 1636.

This ancient pilgrim, William Pratt, was a member of the Legislature for some twenty-five or thirty sessions; and the General Court gave him one hundred acres of land in Say Brook, Connecticut, for service performed as Lieutenant, in the Pequot war; he was one of the judges of the first Court in New London County. Parley P. Pratt is a lineal descendant, of the seventh generation, from that distinguished pilgrim and humble pioneer to the New World.

The youthful days of our Martyred brother were characterized by the soberness and thoughtfulness of manhood. Though from adverse circumstances his education was extremely limited, yet he displayed, even in youth, an originality of mind, seldom exhibited. In September, 1830, he, being led by the Spirit of the Lord from his home in the State of Ohio, came several hundred miles eastward, where he fortunately obtained a copy of one of the most remarkable works of modern times—the Book of Mormon. He read the same, was convinced of its divine authenticity, and travelled in search of the highly favoured men of God, who had seen angels and heard the voice of the Almighty. He soon succeeded in finding some of them, from whom he learned that about five months previous, the first Church of the Latter-day Saints had been organized. He requested baptism, and was immediately after ordained an Elder. The same month, he visited Canaan, Columbia County, New York—the country where he had spent

many of his youthful days; and after preaching a few times in different neighbourhoods, and baptizing Orson Pratt, his brother, he returned to Seneca County.

Receiving a revelation through Joseph the Prophet, he, in company with three or four others, performed a mission, some fifteen hundred miles, to the western boundaries of the State of Missouri; and was among the first of the Saints to stand upon that choice land where the city of Zion is hereafter to be built, preparatory to the second Advent of our Saviour.

In the spring of 1831, he returned to the northern part of Ohio, where he met Joseph the Prophet. In the summer he again performed a mission through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, preaching, baptizing, and building up the Church.

In the autumn of 1833, he and about twelve hundred men, women, and children were driven by a murderous, furious mob from their own houses and lands in Jackson County, Missouri. Two hundred houses were burned, cattle shot, hay stacks and grain burned, many whipped until their bowels gushed out; others killed, and the afflicted remnant driven across the river into Clay County.

Soon after this, Elder Pratt performed a long journey of about fifteen hundred miles east, preaching repentance, and strengthening the Saints.

In 1834 he again returned to Clay County, Missouri, officiating in his holy calling wherever he went.

In 1835, having returned to the northern part of Ohio, he was chosen and ordained one of the Twelve Apostles of this last dispensation; and the same year performed a lengthy journey through Pennsylvania, New York, and several of the New England States, and returned again to Ohio.

In 1836 he visited Canada, and established a large Branch of the Church in Toronto, and other Branches in adjoining towns.

In 1837 he visited New York City, where he founded a large Branch of the Church.

In 1838 he removed to Caldwell County in the western boundaries of Missouri; and in the same year another dreadful persecution commenced against the Saints; and they were for the third time driven from their own houses and inheritances; and their property to the amount of millions was destroyed; some scores of defenceless men, women, and children were murdered; scores of others incarcerated in dungeons, among whom was the subject of this memoir; the balance, about fifteen thousand, were exterminated from the State, and found refuge in Illinois. Elder Pratt was kept in prison, *without trial*, about eight months, when by the kind providence of God he made his escape. An account of which is published in the *Millennial Star*, Vol. VIII, pages 129, 145, and 161. Immediately after gaining his liberty, he published a history of the Missouri persecution, written while in prison, the first edition appeared in Detroit, in 1839.

In 1840 he visited England, and in the town of Manchester, commenced the publication of a periodical, entitled the *Millennial Star*, which has continued until the present time; this being the XIX. volume.

In 1841 he was appointed the president over all the British conferences, and remained in this high and honourable station, until the autumn of 1842, during which he edited the *Star*, superintended the Saints' emigration, and published several small, but interesting works. The following winter he returned to Illinois, where he continued, labouring in the ministry one or two years.

About the beginning of the year 1845, he was appointed the President over all the Churches in the New England and Middle States, his head quarters being at New York City, where he published a periodical, entitled "*The Prophet*." In the summer he returned to Nauvoo.

In February, 1846, he was again driven from his home by a ruthless mob. Some fifteen or twenty thousand Saints were also driven from the United States about the same time, with the loss of houses, and lands, and an immense amount of property, which the mob are in the unmolested possession of until the present day. ¶ After wading through unparalleled sufferings with his family, he and the suffering Saints succeeded in reaching the Indian country, at Council Bluffs, and being called by the Holy Ghost, through the Prophet Brigham Young, to go to England, he left his family upon the broad prairie, without house, or scarcely any food, to comply with the word of the Lord. He arrived in England, assisted in setting the Churches in order, and in strengthening the Saints throughout the the British Islands.

¶ In the spring of 1847, he returned to his family and brethren; and in the summer and autumn of that year he removed to Great Salt Lake Valley, and suffered incredible hardships until the harvest of 1848.

He assisted in forming a Constitution for the Provisional Government of Deseret, and was elected a member of the Senate in the General Assembly; and was afterwards elected to the Legislative Council when Utah became a Territory of the United States.

¶ About the year 1850 or '51, he was sent on a mission to the Pacific Islands, and to South America.

In the summer of 1855 he returned over the Sierra Nevada mountains to his home, and occupied a part of his time in preaching in the various settlements of Utah; and at other times labouring with his own hands in the cultivation of his farm. The following winter he officiated as chaplain in the Legislative Council, at the State House in Fillmore City.

In the autumn of 1856 he accompanied about twenty missionaries across the plains to the States. During the winter and part of the following spring, he visited the Saints at St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, and other places, preaching, writing, and publishing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God.

And finally, on the 14th of May, 1857, he fell a noble martyr for the cause of truth which he had advocated with such untiring perseverance for nearly twenty seven years. His last great and magnanimous act, in trying to rescue helpless innocence from the fury of her savage persecutors, will be handed down to unborn generations, as an imperishable monument to his praise; while his wicked bru-

tal murderers, and all that gave countenance to the diabolical deed shall gnaw their tongues for pain, and perish, and be forgotten.

Among the numerous writings of this Martyred Apostle, may be mentioned first, the "VOICE OF WARNING," printed in New York in 1838, and which has since passed through many editions, and been translated into several foreign languages; second, his "HISTORY OF THE MISSOURI PERSECUTIONS;" third, his "POEMS;" fourth, his "KEY TO THEOLOGY," a masterly production lately published. The History of his Life, up to near the time of his martyrdom, was written by himself, and is now about ready for the press; this will doubtless prove to be one of the most interesting works proceeding from his pen.

A short time before his murder he wrote the following poetry on his "Fiftieth Year"—

I am fifty years old! I have lived to see
Seven times seven and a Jubilee—
That period famed in the days of yore
As a grand release for the humble poor;
When the pledg'd estate was again restor'd,
And the bondman freed from his tyrant lord.
When man his fellow was bound to forgive,
And begin anew to think, and to live.
The nations have hail'd the year of my birth
As a Jubilee to the groaning earth.*
The triumphs of steam over land and sea
Have stamp'd the age of my Jubilee.
I have mark'd its progress at ev'ry stride,
From the day it was launch'd on the Hudson's
tide,
Till it conquer'd the ocean,—grasp'd the land,
And join'd the nations in a common band.
I have lived to behold the lightnings yield
To the mandate of man, and take the field,
As a servant-runner to bear the news
In an instant, where its lord might choose.

And scarce less strange—I have lived to behold
A "Mormon" Sage, with his wand of gold
Overturn the world, and toss it up
As a teller of Fortunes would his cup.†
All these are facts; but, of little worth,
Compared with a prophet, restored to earth.
I have seen his day and have heard his voice;
Which enraged a world, while the meek rejoiced.
I have read the fate of all earthly things:
The end of thrones, and the end of kings.
I have learned that truth alone shall stand,
And the Kingdom of God fill every land.
I have seen that kingdom rolling along,
And taking its seat 'mid the mountains strong.
While the nations wond'ring, but could not tell
To what these wondrous things would swell.
I have wandered far over land and sea
To proclaim to the world its destiny:—
To cry to the nations, Repent and live,
And be ready the Bridegroom to receive.

I have wandered far—I have wandered wide,

From Maine to the wild Missouri's tide;
And over the ocean's sea-girt isles
Full many a weary thousand miles.
I have trampled the deserts' burning sands,
And the snow-clad mountains of unknown lands.
'Mid the crystal waters of Deseret
I have pulled the oar and cast the net.
I have climbed the steep 'mid the golden ore,
And roamed o'er the loan Pacific shore.
I have plowed its bosom many-a-day,
To visit the nations far away;
I have stood on Ohili's distant shore,
Where the Polar Star is seen no more.
I have gazed on the Andes' heights of snow,
And roamed 'mid the flowery plains below.
I have talked with the great in freedom's cause,
And assisted to give to a State its laws.
I have lain in a dungeon, bound in chains,
And been honoured in Courts where Justice reigns.
In a thousand joys, and a thousand fears,
I have struggled on through my fifty years.
And now, by the law of God, I am free;
I will seek to enjoy my Jubilee.
I will hie me home, to my mountain dell,
And will say to the "Christian" world—farewell.
I have served ye long,—'twas a thankless task,
To retire in peace, is all I ask.

Another fifty years will fully prove
Our message true, and all our motives love.
Then shall a humble world in reverence bow
And hail the Prophets so rejected now;
Kings shall revere, and nations incense bring
To Zion's temple, and to Zion's King.
I shall be there and celebrate the day
Till twice ten fifties shall have passed away.

* The first steam-boat was launched in 1807, on the Hudson River, by Robert Fulton.

† An American soldier, of the Mormon Battalion, discovered the gold mines in California, in 1847.

O how pleasant is the death of a righteous person! he lays down his body with a sure and certain hope of coming forth from the tomb in the morning of the first resurrection, to reign as a mighty King and Priest of the Most High God, to sit enthroned in eternal glory, ruling with power and dominion for ever and ever.

O! kind-hearted, affectionate brother! how dearly we loved thee in life! how joyous to our soul were the words of life which flowed from thy mouth, by the pure spirit of inspiration! how lovely still is our remembrance of thee! We weep

not for thy death; for it was glorious! Thou hast left us, only for a short moment, and we shall soon embrace thee again! Thy fiftieth year had but just rolled away, and now thy Jubilee has come! Rest in thy Father's house with all the noble martyrs of the nineteenth century, until the Jubilee of the earth shall also come; then shalt thou return and reign triumphantly with all the redeemed of Adam's race.

From the following letter written only about four months prior to his Martyrdom, he plainly indicates that his pilgrimage and "personal history in this world," were near their close.

New York, United States, January 2nd, 1857.

Dear Brother Orson—I received your kind letter on the 30th December, 1856. I was thereby glad to hear from you, and of your welfare.

I am well; I spent about a month in St. Louis; I then came on to Cincinnati, and stayed four days, drawing full houses. I arrived in Philadelphia the day before Christmas: was present next day at a grand party in that city, in Washington Hall. It was a fine time; Sunday last, I preached threetimes to a full house.

I arrived here on Wednesday last; found Presidents Taylor and Smith as well as usual.

Yesterday I attended a party here, in the Saints' Hall; it was an interesting affair; some 400 persons being present. We were entertained with songs, prayers, preaching, praying, recitations, eating, drinking, &c., &c.

In the midst of our evening's enjoyments, the news arrived of the arrival of the *Columbia*, with a ship load of Saints from England. To-day we accompanied brother Taylor to see them. All well, but a rough passage; no deaths. The weather is mild here, and the winter so far very fine.

I have not yet seen the Pratt family, of which you speak, but I think I will visit them in a day or two.

You ask how long I will stay in the States. I answer, till spring. I will then go home, if God will, if I have to go with a hand-cart. This country is no place for me; the darkness is so thick I can literally feel it. I cannot obtain the least assistance here for my family; a tight match to obtain travelling expenses.

I have heard nothing from home since October 1st, but I hope to hear soon. I congratulate you on the marriage of your first-born, and hope you will soon become a grandfather.

Now, Dear Brother Orson, be of good courage, our pilgrimage will soon be over, and our personal history in this world will naturally come to the word—FINIS.

As to my history, I have it now complete from my birth up to to-day. It will contain much more reading than the Book of Mormon. I would publish it, in part or in full, if gold was plentiful; but there is no prospect whatever, in a pecuniary line; only I stay from day to day, and so do my family; but to improve our circumstances is entirely out of the question.

I have written to Nelson Pratt, and received an answer; he is well. I am going there soon, if all is well.

I am to start from St. Louis for home just as early in the Spring as the weather will permit. Farewell, God bless you.

I am,

Your own brother,

P. P. PRATT.

(COPY.)

To the Honourable Judge of the Court, in the Town of Van Buren, State of Arkansas, May 12th, 1857.

Dear Sir—Whereas, I have been arrested upon a charge of larceny, and dragged by civil and military officers and soldiers before the gaze of the populace and this

court as a prisoner, and being remote from my means of travel, in a land of strangers, without clothing, money, or friends, and being coolly told to depart, that there is nothing found against me,—

And whereas, my brethren, the Latter-day Saints, have been driven by mob law from the land of their birth, having no hope of justice from the government or civil courts of the United States, I now take an appeal to the Court of Heaven, and lay my complaint before the Judge of all the earth,—

And whereas, Hector H. McLean has, by a false oath, in addition to many years of cruelty practised upon myself and children, rendered himself unfit for the society of all holy beings, I pray God my eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, that *he may wither from the earth, even as a green leaf fades before the blighting frosts of coming winter; and that he may go to his own place, no more to oppress innocence or afflict virtue.*

And for my children I pray, in the name of Jesus, that they may be preserved from the vices of the world, the powers of darkness, religious bigotry, and the desolations that are coming upon the earth, even until they are restored to me. And for them I will endeavour to prepare an eternal habitation, over which evil men, *demons, death, hell, and the grave* can have no power, and into which they, *my children, may come, no more to go out forever!*

For all my kindred who, in word, deed, or spirit, persecute the Saints of God, I ask God to forgive them, for they know not what they do. Amen.

E. J. McLEAN.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above, the blood of innocence has freely flowed to stain the soil of the fair State of Arkansas: but I say, let it be upon the head of him who shed it for ever.

May 15, 1857.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER.

Arkansas, America, on board the Steamer *H. Tucker*, Arkansas River,

May 22, 1857.

Dear Brother Orson—It has become my painful duty to send abroad the news of the imprisonment and murder of your beloved brother Parley. I know it will be painful to you to learn that his body was mangled, and that he lay fully an hour without any one coming even to raise his head or give him a drink of water, though he was in full view of a house where a family lived, by the name of Winn.

I was journeying quietly along in a wagon, in an Indian nation, with my children, on the frontiers of Arkansas, when McLean, the demon of my life, met me. He tore the children away, and then had me arrested upon a charge of stealing clothes belonging to and worn by my children—Albert and Annie McLean. There were also named in the charge, P. P. Pratt, James Gamwell, and Elias Gamwell, all sought as engaged in this larceny of \$10 worth of clothes, on my children's backs.

The following day, after I was arrested, I heard that your brother was also arrested, the greatest excitement prevailed, and when we rode in sight of where they had Parley, I saw him lying on the ground like a man who had stopped to let his horse graze. He was surrounded by twelve or fourteen armed men—military officers and soldiers. I alighted, with the permission of the marshal, who rode with me, and advanced to brother Parley, and extended my hand saying, "Brother Parley, we have met, it seems, as prisoners." He said, "How is your health, Madam? have you been well?" I then said, "We have one thing to thank God for; we have learned how to live and how to die." And then looking around upon the soldiers, I said in a loud tone of voice, "*All these armed men and soldiers can only kill the body, and I am as ready to die as to live.*" He only answered, "It is all in one little life, and this is only a speck of eternity."

We were then put upon a forced ride of twenty-five miles, he being bound by a rope around his ankle, which was held by an officer who rode near him. They also arrested another young man, Elder Higinson, who was found preaching to the Creek Nation; and when we left Fort Gibson, he and Parley were in chains,

and I in a carriage—because I was so wounded that I could not ride on horseback. Soldiers drove the carriage, and the Marshal rode with the two who were in chains.

We rode from Fort Gibson, Saturday, Sunday, and half of Monday, which brought us to the town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, State of Arkansas. We were then taken before the Court, only to be told that we might depart—**"FOR WE FIND NOTHING AGAINST YOU."**

I have written a full account to *The Mormon*, which I hope you will see, but lest it should be intercepted, I will briefly state, that when Parley was liberated from the jail, McLean followed him in about ten minutes, with two men, citizens of Van Buren, close behind him, and then soon afterwards numbers of other men. Twelve miles from the town, on the road leading north, they overtook your beloved brother, fired seven shots, and then stabbed him in his left side—one of the cuts piercing his heart. The first six balls only made holes in the skirt of his coat; he was then headed by one of the men, which threw him in close contact with McLean, and that fiend himself gave him the deadly wound; and after leaving him for dead, came back and fired at him where he lay upon the ground, dropped the pistol by his side, and left!

I went to see him, under the protection of the "real Marshal," the following day, the details of which I have sent to Brother Taylor, New York.

Brother Higinson and myself rolled his dead body in fine linen, and Brother Higinson stayed to see him put in the ground, about a mile from the place where he was murdered. He lived two-and-a-half hours, and answered a number of questions asked him by the neighbours near the spot.

The citizens of Van Buren furnished me with means to leave in four days after this bloody scene, and I am now alone on my way I know not whither; but I know that the Spirit of God is with me, and I have nothing to fear.

I am very lonely—pray for me, thou man of God, that I may stand firm to the end, and be saved with Jesus, Joseph, and Parley, in the Celestial Kingdom of God. Amen.

Your Sister,

ELEANOR J. MCLEAN.

THE ORPHANS' LAMENTATION, ON HEARING OF THE MARTYRDOM OF THEIR FATHER.

I heard a wail from out a distant mountain home;
It crept around a lofty mountain's rocky dome,
And ran along, o'er hill, and stream, and grassy plain,
Until it found the grave of one but lately slain.

It was the voice of wives and children wild with grief,
Who sought to heaven, with prayers and tears, for kind relief;
For they'd learned, by a paper from a distant place,
The news that they no more could see a father's face.

That in a land of *lust, profanity, and wine*,
Where once they dwelt beneath their native vine;
The father and husband had met a martyr's fate,
By the hands of *fiends*, surcharged with guilt and hate

That when his heart was pierced, he fell upon the ground,
Where there was none to raise his head, or bind his wound;
And though he lived for hours, he saw no faithful friend,
By whom he could his dying message safely send.

The wall increased until it reach'd the throne of God,
And ELOHIAM *Himself* did take His mighty rod,
And said, "I'll cut them down and blot them from the earth,
"Who've slain my Prophets on the soil that gave them birth.

"I'll send upon them *famine, pestilence, and war*,
"I'll call my legions from the northern realms afar,
"And they shall *hust* them down in every land and place
"Stain'd with the noble blood of one of Joseph's race.

"The blood of Parley shall not long before me plead,
 "For wrath on him and them who did the hellish deed;
 "And e'er it cease to cry, that nation *shall atone*
 "For every widow's tear, and every orphan's moan.
 "And every drop of guiltless blood they ever shed,
 "Shall quickly come upon their own devoted head;
 "For once I have sworn, *by myself and by my throne,*
 "That in the '*Book of Life*' their names shall ne'er be known!"

[By the persecuted lady, ELEANOR J. McLEAN.—Ed.]

DREADFUL PERSECUTION OF MRS. McLEAN—HER DEFENCE—
 MURDER OF P. P. PRATT.

(From the "*Van Buren* [Ark.] *Intelligencer*.)

Van Buren, Monday, May 18, 1857.

Mr. Editor—Having read the editorial in your paper, headed "Tragical," and finding several important points in the account incorrect, I beg to be heard by this community, and the world, being yet a living witness for both the living and the dead.

For the sake of the innocent and his brethren—for the sake of aged parents and all my kindred—for the sake of my children and myself, and for the sake of truth, I thank God that I yet live.

In the first place, the article alluded to says that "Mrs. McLean was induced to embrace the 'Mormon' faith by Mr. Pratt." *This is false*, for Mr. McLean knows that the first 'Mormon' sermon I heard in California, himself and my brother, J. J. McComb, were present, and they know that it was at least two years before Mr. Pratt made his appearance in San Francisco; and they know that from the time I heard the first sermon I never spoke except in defence of the "Mormons" and their faith; and they know that I sought diligently for my husband's consent to be baptized into the Church of the Saints, and finally obtained it in writing, and was baptized before P. P. Pratt made his appearance. These are facts which the certificate in McLean's own writing, and the daily papers in San Francisco, announcing Mr. Pratt's arrival, can be brought to prove that my baptism and confirmation in the Church of the Saints was anterior to the arrival of P. P. Pratt in that State.

I will here state a fact which has never, to my knowledge, been written. I took my children from the school-room, (with the permission of the teacher,) and in an omnibus repaired to the place where there was water, and in the presence of several witnesses, they were (that is, the two boys) baptized by P. P. Pratt, for the remission of sins, and by the laying on of his hands they were confirmed members of the Church of "Latter-day Saints." If any condemn this act, let them also condemn every woman who refuses to go to perdition with her children, just because her husband makes this choice!

Again, your article represents Mrs. McLean as eloping from San Francisco to Utah with Pratt, and after her elopement her parents wrote for the children to be sent to them. This is also false, and my father, J. S. McComb, if yet living, is a witness, with our neighbours in both places; the children were sent from me in California to him in New Orleans, and that on a ship—

Where there was not one voice or face,
 That they had ever heard or seen in other place.

In November, 1851, I embraced the "Mormon" faith, and in January, 1855, my children were, on account of my faith, sent from San Francisco to New Orleans, and this without my having the slightest intimation of it until they were far upon the sea. In the morning, as was our custom, as soon as their father left, (generally about nine o'clock) the dear children clapped their hands and said, "Now, Ma, we can have a good time, Pa's gone; we can sing and pray as much as we wish!" And they did pray that morning as I had never known an infant

to pray! They kissed me, and said, "Good morning, mother, dear," about ten o'clock, and started for school. At three o'clock, I looked for their return; I raised the curtain, I opened the door to look if Albert and Annie were coming, but, oh; my soul, they never came!

At four o'clock, their father came to inform me that they were on their way to New Orleans. Said he, "I put them on board the *Sierra Nevada* at ten o'clock this morning, and now they are where you and the cursed 'Mormons' can never see them again!"

That night he locked all the doors, looked me in a room, took all the keys to his room and locked the door. Can any one conceive of that desolation! My cries disturbed him, and about two o'clock he unlocked the door of the room where I was.

In the morning I went from room to room, I ran in the street and called Fitzroy, Albert, Annie. But no child answered.

I heard tiny footsteps under the window, I ran, and said, "My children!" But they were not mine. My brother, E. C. McComb, said I should go by the next steamer to my children, but McLean said he would have nothing to do with it.

A merchant in San Francisco told me he would give me \$20, and he would insure that in his neighbourhood of merchants I could raise in one hour all the means I would need to go to my children. After this, McLean boasted that I was in his power, and he would see whether I could go or not. I told him the propositions that had been made to me. He said he would have me in the Insane Asylum in twenty-four hours. This, however, he never attempted only in words.

Two weeks after the departure of the children, he fitted me out and put me on board a steamer for New Orleans, via Nicaragua, giving the officers strict charge concerning me, to look me up if I began to rave.

Two weeks after the arrival of the children at my father's, I appeared before them.

I remained there three months, oppressed on all sides, being closely guarded, lest I should walk, talk, pray, or sleep with my own precious children.

Under these circumstances my health declined, and I felt that I could not long survive so great a conflict of feeling, particularly in that enervating climate.

In this desperate state of feeling I once succeeded in getting my lambs away, and kept them secreted four days, but failed to get away from the city. My father then pledged himself to change his treatment to me; he said I should have a room and have my children with me, and they should go and come with me, provided I would promise not to take them away from the city without his consent. With this understanding I returned to my father's house. But my health grew worse and worse, and it appeared I could not survive a summer in New Orleans.

I then consulted my father about leaving, told him I wished to go to Salt Lake, and he said if I would not attempt to take the children he would assist me all he could.

In a few days I was on board a steamer, the *May Flower*, for St. Louis, and from thence I went on board a small steamer, the *Alma*, on the Missouri river to Atchison, Kansas Territory, where I found the "Mormon" emigration.

I engaged to cook for a mess of ten persons to defray my expenses, and thus I journeyed across the Plains to Salt Lake City.

I remained just one year, leaving on the anniversary of the day (11th September, 1855) I arrived.

While there I taught school, in which I taught ten of P. P. Pratt's children, and boarded in his family seven months. The remaining four months I taught Governor Young's family school, and boarded in his house.

On the 11th of last September, I left in a company of missionaries, consisting of about twenty Elders and twelve females. I travelled in a carriage with two Elders and one lady, making four of us. I furnished my own provisions and cooked for the other three, for the privilege of riding.

At St. Louis I borrowed \$100 of Church funds, and proceeded to New Orleans.

It was my intention when I left Salt Lake to go to my children, *and get them if I could.*

That I have done what I could, *and all I could, I call heaven and earth to witness.*

I got on board the steam cars with my children at my father's on Saturday at twelve o'clock, to go on business to New Orleans, a distance of five or six miles.

In front of the St. Charles, I hired a carriage for five hours, expecting to leave on a steamer for Galveston, Texas, the next morning at eight o'clock, but to my great discomfiture, there was no steamer to leave before Thursday. I stayed with my children that night, Sunday, and Sunday night, at the United States' Hotel, kept by Mrs. Smith.

On Monday Morning, not deeming it safe to stay at a public house, I took an omnibus, leaving my children at the hotel. I rode till the omnibus stopped, far down in the third municipality, inquired in a Dutch grocery for a furnished room, and the old lady pointed across the street. I went, found a woman with plain sewing in her hand at the door. She was so plain looking, so poorly dressed, and apparently so ignorant, that I thought she was not likely to have visitors often. She said her husband worked on a tow-boat, and would not be at home till Thursday night.

We stayed at this woman's house four days. She gave us her best bed, loaned me her cooking utensils, and gave me wood to cook with, and then helped to carry our little trunk to the omnibus. But she never asked us where we came from nor where we were going, which I think very remarkable for one of her sex.

At eight o'clock on Thursday morning, 18th of December, 1856, we were on board the Atlantic, bound for Texas. I could not obtain a state-room, although I went on Tuesday to the agent; they were all taken. The captain, however, was kind to us, and let us occupy his room, and sent us the best of everything.

At Galveston we took a little steamer, Captain Pierce, commander, for Harrisburg, where we stayed all night at a hotel kept by Captain Andrews, and next morning took the cars for Houston. Two miles from Houston we found a home at the house of Mr. William Gambell, who is a man of no religion, lives well, has plenty of servants, and no children. His wife was like a mother to us. The three first weeks I made a change of clothing, and then sought for something to do. Found employment in a dress-making establishment, Mrs. Stanbury's, where I worked five weeks, spending two days with my children, Sunday to rest, and Monday to wash and mend. On the 4th of March I left Houston with Captain Andrews, Mr. Stanfield, and James Gammel (the latter being a Mormon Elder), to journey to Ellis County, where the Mormon emigration was fitting out for a trip across the Plains.

Through a letter from Houston, I was apprised that McLean was in pursuit of me; and to avoid trouble, and, perhaps, bloodshed in the company, I took passage with a man by the name of Clark, who is not a Mormon. He had a wife and three children, a poor wagon, and three yoke of good oxen.

With these people I was journeying when McLean and party met us. The scenes that have been in progress from that day to this are before the public. It is well known that I have been arrested upon a false oath, and dragged by civil and military officers before an excited populace, and the Court, as a prisoner, only to be coolly told that I might retire, nothing being found against me.

In behalf of the dead, I have to testify, that whatever relation existed between us was of my own seeking. When he kept house with his wife, Elizabeth, in San Francisco, I often sought his society, and if any censure me, let them censure me for the strongest impulses of my nature, which have ever prompted me to seek light and truth, despite the difficulties that might intervene between me and the object of my search.

This man was a fountain of light and intelligence, at which thousands might drink, and yet the stream flowed *clear, pure, and free.*

I am willing to acknowledge that I have often sought his door at the dawn of

lay, when his wife was sick, to take some *meat, bread, and fruit*, upon which they might subsist until the following morning.

Do any blame him for being poor! Let them lay the blame upon him who required his disciples to go with the everlasting Gospel to the nations, without purse or scrip, or even two coats.

Neither do I deny that I much desired, from time to time, to have him entertained at our house, even as I gladly entertained my husband's brethren. We had unoccupied rooms and beds, and a profusion of the good things of life, while he was poor and a stranger, and as unpopular as a certain Nazarene, who once pilgrimized through the land of Judea, and could not find a place to lay his head. Upon the same principle that I was deprived this privilege, Mary and Martha would have been punished for bathing the feet of their Lord, and running to meet him when he returned from a mission.

I also confess that, when a company of Saints were preparing to leave California with P. P. Pratt, I greatly desired to be one of the number, and went so far as to ask my Father in heaven to provide a way by which I might escape my oppression, and go with the people of my choice. If this be not right, then there is a mistake in the ancient saying, "Come with me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

Six pistol balls could not avail
To make his holy visage pale;
But the fierce and deadly knife
Pierced his heart and claimed his life.

Oh! Parley dear, we love you well,
Yea more than mortal tongues can tell;
And we know you'll come again—
With us to live, with Christ to reign.

Oh! God of Israel, let the cry
Of Parley's blood come up on high,
And let his wounds before thee plead
For wrath on him who did the deed.

I am free to declare, before angels and men, that Parley P. Pratt was innocent of the charges made against him.

If the deeds of men were registered upon their faces, it would be known and read of all men that H. H. McLean drove me from himself; and that he by his own acts blighted and consigned to eternal death all the delicate ties that existed between us, and that before "Mormonism" crossed our pathway.

I also confess that when I got to Salt Lake alone, and knew of no one that I had ever seen but Mr. Pratt and his wife, Elizabeth, I sought for their house, and asked if they would let me stay a few days to rest, and look round and see what I could do for a living. They said, stay just as long as you please, and it turned out as before stated. I also confess that it was a source of pleasure to me when I heard that he would be in the company in which I had engaged to come.

I do not deny that I washed his feet, combed his hair, and often walked, that he might ride. Neither do I deny visiting with him a number of families in St. Louis, who thought it a greater honor to entertain him than they would to entertain any king or potentate living upon the earth.

I also state that it pained me to see him in chains, and fain would I have bathed his wrist where the cursed iron chafed his skin.

But this was nothing to what I was yet to see! Have I not seen *his heart's blood dropping from the wound of the deadly knife?*

That I would fain have been separated from him [McLean] while yet living in New Orleans, I will name as living witnesses, my father, J. S. McComb, and my brothers, E. C., and J. J. McComb, and Mr. John McDougal. These all know that I sought their counsel while living in New Orleans, to know whether I must continue to endure the degrading influence of a man who would continue to sip at the wine cup, and thereby unfit himself for the society of his family.